

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 264.]

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1857.

[Price 1d.]



PEGGY MAGRATH REACHES HER DESTINATION.

ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER VI.—AN EXPEDITION OF GREAT PROMISE.

It was early on a June morning, between two and three years after the date of my mother's No. 264, 1857.

death, that, hand in hand with Peggy Magrath, I found myself on a broad turnpike road, with London in the back-ground, and a widening prospect of green hills and beautiful hedgerows before us. To me all was new. I had never be-

D

fore been—or I never remembered having been—beyond the din of the great city; and the bright sunshine, the singing of birds over-head and around, the rustling of foliage in the brisk breeze which fanned our cheeks, and even the curious, inquisitive looks of the passengers who were astir and on the road, which greeted our advent into the country, were all ingredients in that new pleasure which broke in upon my mind then.

I have witnessed many lovely scenes since that day—have, under far different circumstances, contemplated the beauties of creation with rapturous and more enlightened joy; but the memory of those fresh feelings of a new and unsuspected capacity for delight, has never been effaced.

And so I strode on cheerily, darting away every now and then, as a new form of beauty in some common wayside flower, caught my eye, and returning with it in triumph to the side of my protectress.

"Asy, darling!" she said, when for the twentieth time I had made one of these short excursions; "ye'll wear yer feet off yer legs, an' what'll ye do thin? Ye'll never get there at all at all, if ye pick up iver yeed we come to."

"Never get where, Peggy?" I wished to know.

"Ye'll ax no questions, Roland, and thin ye'll have no stories tould," said Mrs. Magrath, using her accustomed formula; "ye'll know all about it when it is convanient;" and she marched on in determined and resolute silence.

But, in truth, how far we had to travel, towards what termination, and what provisions Peggy had made for the journey, were questions which gave me very little concern. I had, it is true, a faint and floating idea that the journey was taken on my account; but I cared little for that: it was enough to me that I was entering upon a new world, and enjoying the foretaste of a glorious holiday, as I supposed. Mrs. Magrath, however, as I afterwards found, had laid her plans with commendable forethought. In her retentive memory was stored all the information she had obtained from various sources, especially from the ballad-singer, respecting the route we must take, the towns through which we should pass, and the best and cheapest lodging-houses for travellers on the way. She had also, by rigid economy, husbanded a few shillings, and by the sale of her bed, and table, and two chairs, to her landlord, on the previous evening, added a few more to the stock, for our support on the road; and, lest she should be tempted to squander it, she had foresworn indulgence in her favourite cordial until the journey's end was reached; and to this vow she rigidly and faithfully adhered.

She had had the precaution also to pack up a stock of food—"parquises," perhaps—for the first day or two of our pilgrimage; and this, with my Sunday "shute," was securely strapped on to her back under her old red cloak; for she had wisely determined that my best clothes should not be travel-stained when our destination was reached. A happy arrangement this for me, for a reason already given.

Before bidding adieu to Whisker's Rents, we had snatched only a hasty breakfast; and by the time we were fairly launched into the country, we were glad to open our bundle under the shade of a wide

spreading tree by the road-side, and near a pool of tolerably clear water. My joy had not taken away my appetite, nor was Mrs. Magrath's impaired by her anxieties; so we made a hearty meal, and took deep draughts from the pool, out of an old tin cup which my protectress drew from her pocket, and then we started afresh.

On and on we went, sometimes slower, sometimes faster; now stopping to rest under some shady hedge, on the soft green sward which bordered the road, then hastening on to make up for lost time; occasionally exchanging words with chance passengers, but more frequently uninterrupted in our progress; every furlong, if not every few steps, opening some fresh scene to arrest my attention; now, it was a party of mowers in the adjoining meadows; then a village street, with its gable-roofed cottages, its blacksmith's forge, and its rustic-porched inn, with its huge swinging sign; now, a flock of sheep in the road, which nearly scamped over us; and then, a church with its grey tower and its graveyard; and then, a farm-house with its yard; and then, a sparkling stream, on the banks of which I laid down to quench my thirst, without the intervention of Peggy's tin cup; and then, fields of waving corn; and then, a wood; and then, at last, when my legs were dragging slowly along, and my eyes were aching, and my thoughts bewildered with these and all other sights, and I was beginning to wonder when we should get "there," and was pestering patient Mrs. Magrath with questions thereupon, which she did not choose to answer, and the sun was slowly going down, came the welcome intelligence that our day's march was nearly come to an end.

We were descending a steep hill by a narrow, winding road. A valley lay before us, through which ran a pretty river, and beyond that, on another hill, was a small town. This was to be our resting-place; and, having sought out, in one of its meanest streets, a small hostelry to which Peggy had been recommended before we left London, and where we found a numerous company of travellers like ourselves, I was stretched upon a bed of straw—not very clean, but I was not fastidious then—and in a short time was fast asleep.

I need not narrate, even if I could remember, all the incidents of our subsequent pilgrimage—how we travelled on, day after day, from one town to another, through a still fairer and quieter country, sleeping at nights, sometimes in a cheap lodging-house, sometimes—which Peggy better liked—in barns or outhouses, and once, when we were benighted, under a high overhanging bank, beside a blazing fire of dead wood which we gathered from the hedges; how, when Peggy's stock of provisions was gone, she often, without absolutely begging, contrived that a crust, or a slice of bread and butter, or a cake, should be added to the draught of skim milk, which, at farm-houses, she did not scruple to ask for, for the "poor tendher orphan, that had nobody in the wide world to care for him but the lone widow, who sure was no kith nor kin to him, at all at all;" and how sometimes, softened, it may be, by my look of weariness (for after a few days my strength and spirits began to flag), a good-

natured waggoner would give us a lift on the road, suffering me to nestle in the straw at the bottom of his vehicle, while Peggy watched over me with the solicitude of a mother.

Neither need I speak at large of the expedients adopted by Mrs. Magrath to lighten the toils of our long journey; how, when we sat down to rest, she would tell me of passages in her own history, such as that she was one of a family of a round dozen of childer, born and brought up in a mud cabin in ould Oireland—blessings on the poor ould country!—and that she had the bad look to marry a spalpeen of an English souldier when she was only a slip of a girl, and had followed his regiment for love of him, though it was little of that article she got in return; that in her wanderings she had crossed the big sea to 'Merricay, where there was terrible fighting, and where her husband was killed, and she left a lone widow before she was twenty years of age; and that, when the fighting was over, she came home with the regiment, and so forth. These communications beguiled many weary hours; and when they were brought down to the time of her final establishment in London, and she had nothing more to tell, I coaxed her to go over it all again; so that

"Thrice she fought her battles o'er,
And thrice she slew the slain."

And let me not forget to record how, at other times, when I was so exhausted with our pilgrimage that, with tears in my eyes, I declared myself unable to proceed a step further, poor Peggy—forgetting her own weariness—would carry me many a mile on her strong back; and would keep up her own spirits, and raise mine, by predictions—mysterious and oracular to me, but firmly believed by herself—of the grandeur and happiness in store for me; how that I was on the high road to being a rale gentleman, and should have a beautiful powny to ride, and sarvants to wait upon me, and a grand house to live in; and that then I should forget poor ould Peggy Magrath; but that Peggy would be content, as in duty bound, and would tramp back to London with a glad heart for me, and a sad heart for herself. All this, and more, entered my ears, as I rode on Peggy's back, or dragged along by her side; and night after night, when our day's progress was duly reported, we slept as soundly on our poor straw beds as did ever lord or lady on bed of down.

At length we drew near, very near, to the point towards which our wanderings had tended; and Peggy, who till then had kept up her spirits and mine too with amazing power, began to show signs of perturbation—not so much regarding the success of her plans, and the fulfilment of her hopes and predictions concerning myself, as in thinking that thenceforward the tie which had so long bound us together would be so soon finally severed.

Poor Peggy! she had nursed me in unconscious childhood; she had watched over my mother's dying bed; and—in her rude and untaught manner—had stood to me in a mother's stead. That I had filled up a void in her naturally strong maternal affections, I cannot doubt; but, so much the more, the prospect before her was one of desolateness; and with faltering steps and a heart full to overflowing, as one evening we drew

near to a village, she entered a small hostelry:—but the remainder of this adventure must be reserved for a new chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

I LEARN MORE THAN I BEFORE KNEW OF MY MOTHER'S HISTORY.

WE entered the public-house, and Peggy, seating herself in the tap-room, called for refreshments. They were brought to us by a slatternly woman, dressed in rusty black, who examined the shilling which was tendered in payment with evident suspicion, before she changed it.

"May be ye think it isn't a good one, ma'am," said Mrs. Magrath. "There's more to the fore, ma'am, and ye may take yer choice;" and she emptied her little purse upon the table. Alas! there were not many shillings left; for, good economist as Peggy had been, her little stock of money had been woefully diminished in our journeyings since leaving London.

"Oh, it will do well enough," replied the woman, ungraciously, after testing the coin by the application of her teeth. And, having given the change, she withdrew.

There was not much in our appearance to bespeak the civility of a cross-grained hostess. Poor Peggy's faded and stained cloak and shabby head-dress, together with my ragged every-day attire, which had originally been picked up in cheap pennyworths at some rag fair, and had since then seen service in the mud, and filth, and dust, and wear and tear of London streets; my shoeless and hatless condition—for I had travelled, by my own choice as much as from necessity, both bareheaded and barefooted; and the dirt and dust which begrimed and beclouded our features, would have placed us, at any time, or any where, in the category of houseless vagrants; and as such, Mrs. Magrath had, throughout our pilgrimage, been contented to put up with scant courtesy, even when she had paid a full price for such accommodation as we had obtained. Now, however, it seemed desirable to her to enlist the sympathies of the woman of the house in our favour; and the way in which she set about it showed at least some knowledge of human nature; for presently, while we were despatching the brown bread, and hard cheese, and small beer with which we had been favoured, the landlady returned, having in her arms a sickly-looking child, and Peggy began to praise its beauty.

The mother was gratified; and the hostess unbent and smiled graciously.

My protectress followed up the advantage she had gained; and ere long the two women were in earnest and confidential conversation, while I gradually sunk from the bench on which I had been seated, and, laying my head in Peggy's lap, was soon fast asleep.

Whatever was the nature of the conference, it issued in our being conducted to a more inviting chamber than any we had previously occupied in our journeyings, as well as in the accommodation of a huge tub of water, with a due allowance of soap and towel; and before I lay down that night I could boast, at least, of having a clean skin.

In the morning I was woke by the low crooning and broken sobs of poor Peggy, who, seated

by the bed-side, was vainly endeavouring to overcome her grief. And now, for the first time, she fully explained to me the object of our long journey, and gave me the following faint outlines of my mother's connection with herself, and her previous history, which I shall repeat in my own words.

It was six years ago, she said, that, returning one evening from work, she was attracted by a crowd gathered round a poor young creature who lay extended on the pavement in a fainting fit, with a child clinging to her neck, and uttering cries of fear and distress. There were on-lookers and advisers enough, Peggy said, but no helpers. "Take her to the workhouse; she seems ill," cried one. "Take her to the watch-house; she's shamming," said another. "Let her lie where she is; she'll come to presently," said a third. Meanwhile, the poor Irishwoman had knelt down by her side, and had raised her head. "Will any of ye bring a drink of wather to the poor crayther?" she asked.

There was a pump near, and, after some delay, water was brought; and my mother—for she it was—partially revived under its application.

"Are ye far from yer home, dear?" asked Mrs. Magrath, when this was accomplished.

"Home! home!" shrieked my mother, wildly; "I have no home."

"But ye have frinds," said Peggy.

"No home, no friends, no—no food," said my mother, in a hollow voice, that told its own tale of suffering; "no food: neither my child nor I have tasted food to-day."

"Ye hear that, good Christian people!" exclaimed the compassionate Peggy, repeating the words, and looking around; but the appeal met with no response. Yes, there was one response; an elderly gentleman who had been looking on, uttered a word which sounded very much like—"Gammon!"—and walked hastily away. There was a laugh, too, from the crowd, which began at that instant to disperse; and, in a few minutes, the indignant Irishwoman was left alone with the houseless and starving wanderers.

They had food that night, and shelter; for Peggy took them to her own poor lodging—the garret which I have elsewhere described; and thenceforward they had a home and a friend. Then, too, the young mother, with the assistance of her friend and preserver, obtained such scanty employment as enabled her to provide for her own and her child's sustenance, and to contribute her share of rent. "So you see, Roland," said Peggy, when she came to this part of the story, "she wasn't beholden to me at all at all, but just the contrary."

Two or three years later, and when my mother felt convinced that her health and strength were gradually failing, she broke through the reserve which, till then, she had maintained, and intrusted her story to Peggy Magrath, extracting from her a promise, however, that it should not be revealed to me, after her death, until a proper time had arrived. "And sure the proper time is come now," said poor Peggy, weeping bitterly, "whin we are going to part, and maybe 'll never meet again."

"I won't go away from you, Peggy," I ex-

claimed, breaking into her narrative, and starting up from the bed. "I don't want to go away."

"Hush, darling! ye mustn't break my heart; 'tis all for yer good, an' ye'll be a gentleman from this day forth, ye will; and it isn't fit for ye to keep with the ould Oirish washerwoman; only if they'll let me come down and get a look at ye sometimes—but I haven't tould ye yer mother's sthory yet;" and she continued her narrative.

It was a not uncommon tale of youthful folly, and subsequent suffering, and miserable retribution. I have already given its prominent parts in the hints dropped by the old ballad-singer, which I have recorded; and I need only complete the outline, thus:—

My mother was the youngest child of a farmer in —shire, and *her* mother was dead. The farmer was fond of his daughter—fond, at least, for one whose heart was set upon riches; and he had so far relaxed in his sordid habits as to send the little Ellen to a cheap boarding-school, while her elder sisters were kept at home in ignorance and household drudgery. Thence arose jealousies and alienation.

When Ellen returned from school, at the age of sixteen, with her head filled with romance and her knowledge circumscribed within the narrow bounds of some half-dozen miscalled accomplishments, imperfectly attained, to be, more speedily than they were acquired, neglected and forgotten, she found herself subjected to the inveterate and malignant tyranny of her untaught sisters. She was miserable.

Then came gratification to her romance, and relief to her unhappiness, in the proffered affections of a stranger; then reciprocal vows and stolen interviews; then discovery and revilings, with threats and blows; then desperation, elopement, and a stolen marriage; then disownment. But why continue this catalogue of woes?

A year or two passed away, and Ellen's name was probably never mentioned at home but with imprecations. Her very place of refuge was unknown, when one day she suddenly appeared, broken down in health, deserted and abandoned by her husband, and in destitution. A child was in her arms, and for his sake she begged to be forgiven by her stern father and her sterner sisters, and to be received and sustained, if only as "a hired servant."

She was thrust from the door.

She had learned, long before this, that the man on whom she had cast herself for protection, and whose professions of love she had too readily believed, was—but let me restrain my pen, for I am writing of my father and my mother's husband; that he had married her under a false name, because his true name was too well known and too unsafe to be used; that he had associates, more deeply involved in guilt and more hardened than himself; and that his professed affection and his marriage was a speculation, which had failed.

Yet, with a woman's wronged heart, she half believed in him still; she knew that when he left her, it was to hide himself in London; but she had obtained a clue to his retreat, and, when denied the shelter of a father's roof and the protection of a father's arm, she directed her steps

there. How she travelled that weary way, unsupported and with a nurseling in her arms, was never known; but she reached her destination at last. She did more—she searched for and found her husband; and not till then was her cup of misery full; for the mask was laid aside which had until then partially concealed the—but again I check my pen.

She fled from him as from a pestilence, wandering she knew not whither, till she sank exhausted on the inhospitable pavement of a London street, and found sympathy and protection in a poor and ignorant stranger.

This, told in other words and phrases, was the substance of Peggy's communication. It did not seem new to me. Young as I was, even then it seemed like an oft-told tale—so often told that it had grown familiar to my mind. Nor did it seem so strange to me as it may do to the reader, that the hope to which my mother clung, even to the last, was that the parent who had thrust her from his door, would open that door wide for the reception of her child; or that Peggy Magrath should so have fostered this same expectation as to have arrived at a certain conclusion that "they"—the *they* of whom she had often mysteriously spoken—"would take kindly to the poor orphan."

"An' I promised yer mother, Roland, that whin ye were big enough to take the long journey," she said in conclusion, "I would bring ye to yer rightful home; an' I have a bit o' writin' that'll open their doors an' their hearts to ye, my bonny one, settin' aside yer face, that's as like hers as two paws. An' now, darling, ye know all that's been kipt sayeret from ye so long; an' it's time ye were drest. Ohone! ohone! that I should help to dress ye for the last time; but, may be, ye'll not forget poor ould Peggy Magrath;" and her tears burst forth afresh.

"I don't want to put them on," I said, as Peggy unfolded my Sunday "shute," and brought out of her bundle the stockings and shoes and cap which had been scrupulously reserved for this occasion; and it was not till a bright thought entered my mind—namely, that when the bustle of my reception was over, I would cause Peggy to be detained by main force, if needful—that I submitted to her wishes.

An hour afterwards, with hearts beating high and fast, Peggy, in her red cloak and a clean white cap, her bundle at her back, containing my cast-off garments, and I in my unaccustomed Sunday "shute," we were again on the road, and within sight of our haven.

A BIT OF MOSS.

AMONG our pleasing reminiscences of rural life, ere we were "in smoky city pent," are sundry hours spent by us by brook and mountain side in the collection of mosses. These interesting recollections all revive as we turn over the richly illustrated pages of a very popular and attractive volume,* which some time since was sent us for

notice. As it seems admirably adapted to foster in the young a love for the study of external nature, we transcribe from it the following useful observations on the science of "muscology."

Though mosses, notwithstanding their minuteness, are important agents in the economy of nature, it is only within a very recent period that their structure and history have been thoroughly investigated by the students of botanical science. No doubt, mention is made of them by various writers of antiquity, but in a very cursory way, and therefore it is not necessary for our purpose to go further back than towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the celebrated Ray, by his elaborate works, gave a vast impetus to botanical research. Following him at the interval of from forty to sixty years, we find Dillenius of Oxford, and the great Linnæus, elucidating still further the structure and classification of these minute members of the vegetable kingdom. The former of these authors, however imperfect his knowledge of the subject is regarded at the present day, has left an imperishable memorial of his talents and industry in the "*Historia Muscorum*," illustrated by a series of plates, whose accuracy is in some instances still unsurpassed. The defects of his system, however, will at once be perceived, when we mention that he classed among mosses such plants as lichens and confervæ.

It was reserved for Hedwig, a German botanist, in 1782, to withdraw the veil that had hitherto obscured the science of Muscology, and by his microscopic researches, in investigating the structure and fructification of these minute plants, to open up a field untrod by any of his predecessors. As we proceed, we shall have occasion to avail ourselves of the stores of knowledge he thus disclosed.

Since his day, many botanists of note have devoted themselves to the study of Bryology, among whom we especially mention Schwægrichen, Weber, Mohr, Bridel, Schimper and others, and in our own country, Smith, Hooker, Walker, Arnott, Greville, Wilson, with many more.

Our purpose is now to examine briefly the claims that the mosses have on our attention, whether we regard them as objects of study, as bearing on their use in the economy of nature, or as ministering to the physical wants and comforts of the animal kingdom, including man himself. We presume there are none of our readers who will think, in this enlightened age, that because objects are small they are on that account unworthy of study and investigation. Otherwise, as has been remarked, "the horse is superior to its rider;" and one of old, Solomon, the wise king of Israel, has set us an example in this very particular, by being conversant with the "hyssop" on the wall, which by Hasselquist is regarded as a minute moss still found on the walls of Jerusalem. We know in the animal kingdom and some departments of the vegetable, how important the meanest and most insignificant beings are in the operations of nature; and assuredly in this respect the mosses yield to none.

"'Tis Nature's livery o'er the globe,
Where'er her wonders range;"

for, as far as Britain is concerned, it has been com-

* A Popular History of British Mosses. London: Lovell Reeve.

puted by Dr. Johnston, in speaking of the genus *Hypnum*, that it forms perhaps a fourth part of the vegetable clothing of this island. The first vegetation that appears on new buildings, evidencing itself by green stains, on recently-raised coral-reefs, and on volcanic ashes, is composed chiefly of the young confervoid shoots of mosses; and when these have by their decay prepared a small film of vegetable mould, they yield their place to plants of more complicated structure, till at length trees of colossal growth cover what was once a barren waste. This fact alone shows their vast importance in the economy of nature. When the Creator of all beheld everything he had made, and said it was "very good," the humble moss was equally his care and delight with the lofty monarch of the forest, and therefore in it should we see his power and goodness displayed.

Again, the benefit of the study of these minute objects is not less beneficial, but rather more so, on account of minuteness, and it is with pleasure that we avail ourselves of a few paragraphs much to the point on this subject, from the article "Musc" in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," vol. xv. "It has been observed by a writer equally elegant and profound (Pascal), that 'man is placed in the middle between the two infinities—the infinitely great and the infinitely little—both of which are incomprehensible to him.' Of these two extremes it is perhaps the most useful to recall the attention frequently to the latter. The changes that occur in nature on a great scale can scarcely fail to occupy occasionally the thoughts of even the busiest and least reflecting, but the infinitely little, and whatever approaches to it, is less obtrusive. Yet not less than the great orbs revolving in the immensity of space, do objects almost mocking human sense by their minuteness, furnish a fund for scientific investigation. In order to demonstrate those truths which form the basis of natural religion, Paley preferred the structure of the human body to a survey of the universe, and Boyle considered the eye of a fly as being a better proof of design than the sun himself, though the life and soul of our planet, because we have better means of becoming acquainted with the minutest objects compared, than with the greater. Wherever the adaptation of parts to the attainment of an end can be traced, the proof of design is complete; and he who could examine the nutrition, the growth, the regular conformation, the provision made for the continuance of the species of even the minutest moss, without perceiving in them proofs of intelligence, power, and goodness, would probably receive no more conviction from the sublime truths that astronomy can unfold." From these reflections we may infer one important purpose served by these minute plants, in supplying such an ample fund of instruction and pleasure to the contemplative mind, and with the botanist and poet may well exclaim—

"The tiny moss, whose silken verdure clothes
The time-worn rock, and whose bright capsules rise,
Like fairy urns, on stalks of golden sheen,
Demand our admiration and our praise,
As much as cedar kissing the blue sky,
Or Krubul's giant flower. God made them all,
And what He deigns to make should ne'er be deem'd
Unworthy of our study and our love."

Having adverted thus far to this topic, we proceed now to examine a little more in detail the use of the mosses in the economy of the vegetable kingdom.

The protection they afford to the roots of other plants and to the stems of trees, is one of the most obvious. They abound chiefly in the temperate and frigid zones, and are the principal vegetable inhabitants of those wintry wastes where the summer heats scarcely affect the frozen surface to the depth of a few inches. In a climate such as ours, where, with the change of season, vegetable life is exposed for one half of the year to the rigours of winter, and for the other to the drought of summer, no contrivance could be more suitable as a protection than the loosely netted branches and leaves of *Hypnums* and other mosses, and of this fact the experienced horticulturist knows well how to avail himself at these seasons. By many they have been deemed as injurious, in intruding themselves into the blank spaces in grass-lands left bare by the decay of herbage. In this case, however, they bear no resemblance to the noxious parasite, as they never make their appearance till other plants have disappeared, and, from their small roots, cannot be supposed to rob the soil of that nourishment which supports their more exalted neighbours. It is certainly desirable to see our garden-walks freed from tufts of green moss, and all available space in our pastures clad with grassy verdure; and it may be no slight benefit conferred on mankind that these are allowed to multiply, thus calling into exercise his skill and ingenuity in extirpating them, and thus, as in the case of the thistle and the briar, turning the primeval curse into a blessing.

Again, there are many mosses whose natural habitat is the limpid or bubbling rill, "the white cascade" and "mossy fountain's sedgy side," and in these situations they are of much service in purifying the waters amidst which they vegetate. In such situations also, as well as in other localities, they afford food and lodging to innumerable tribes of insects and molluscs, some of which are rather dainty in their fare; for we are informed by one author of the destruction of a fine set of specimens of the rare *Buxbaumia aphylla*, by a slug that had managed to secrete itself in a parcel of these transmitted from the Highlands of Scotland to an English friend. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the service they yield to the feathered tribes and to various quadrupeds, especially such as are dormant during the cold season of the year.

There is one process in the economy of nature to which the agency of mosses—the genus *Sphagnum* more particularly—lends a most direct aid; I refer to the formation of peat-moss in the bogs or morasses which occupy a great space in the British Islands, and in other countries in the same or more northern latitudes.

Those who have resided in such districts, at a distance from coal-fields, know how dependent the inhabitants are for their winter supply of fuel on these stores; but how few reflect that this useful material consisted at one time almost entirely of the delicate stems and leaves of the mosses whose progeny, or rather offshoots, still vegetate on the surface! Yet such is the case; and recent micro-

scopic observation on the structure of coal from beds of that material, stored up for so many ages for the use of man, incontestably prove that there the delicate *Sphagnum* cushioned the swampy ground, and displayed its glossy fruit. The process is no doubt a very gradual one, varying in this respect according to the species which grow in these bogs, and the climate or length of seasons peculiar to the different countries in which they abound. A very little examination of the superficial layers of such as are in the course of formation, will exhibit the appearances indicated in the succeeding remarks. The formation of the bog is effected primarily by obstruction of streams by the fall of trees, through extensive level tracts, as may be inferred from the remains of those found imbedded in them at various depths. Several species of *Bryum* and *Hypnum* are the preponderating genera at first, or while the water continues to flow lazily along; but as these decay, and thus increase the obstruction, the *Sphagnum*, with its dense spongy foliage, soon makes its appearance and excludes many of its congeners. On examination, the first layer of moss exhibits the stems immediately below the surface in a state of very gradual decay, and by tracing these down we find this process going on, thus rendering the peaty substance more and more compact as we descend, until at length, when a depth of forty feet or so has been reached—for some of the Irish bogs attain as much—we find a compact substance charged with bitumen, thus showing its affinity with coal. By these means, a supply of valuable fuel is provided for many who would be otherwise very destitute of this necessary of life. Of late years much has been said, and many discussions held even in Parliament, regarding the wonderful properties and valuable constituents of peat, which it is said would afford by various processes almost every domestic comfort. While we fear there may be some exaggeration on this subject, we see no reason why much direct benefit may not be derived from a material so widely diffused, in many districts that lack the productions of more genial and more favoured climes, and thus a boon of no ordinary kind conferred on the poverty-stricken sons of the soil. Our limits will not allow us to enter on the important and much-debated question of these wastes of bog, referring such of our readers as wish to investigate the subject, to the works of Rennie and more recent writers on the subject. One thing is certain, that the climate would be to a great extent improved by the drainage of moss-lands, which would thus in time be rendered arable; and if all the valuable commodities we have mentioned above could not be directly obtained, we are equally certain that in another way—if not so direct—it would yield all these and more to the enterprising landlord and industrious tenant, if they set about reclaiming the bleak bogs and moorlands at present solely abandoned to crops of mosses, rushes, and noxious weeds. Nor need we fear that a sufficiency would be left to supply an ample quantity of fuel for those at present dependent on it, as it could be proved that a tenth part of the bulk at present existing in our peat-stores would be more than was requisite for many generations, even with a vastly increased consumption.

Thus briefly have we stated the principal operations of nature in which mosses are employed, some of which, as we have just seen, contribute ultimately to much of our domestic comfort. We must now dismiss the subject, with a few notices of their direct uses.

At one time the virtues of some of them as remedial agents were much extolled by the medical faculty; but, with the progress of knowledge, these have not been found to stand the test of experience, or others of more repute have taken their place. The arts are but little indebted to mosses; for, with the exception of colouring matter got from some species, they yield no material that has been found of much service in this way.*

With so many and varied appliances of art, and ingenious inventions to keep us comfortable in our easy chairs by day and couches by night, we need scarcely refer to the luxuries of the Laplander's bed of *Polytrichum* and *Sphagnum* moss, which he prepares for himself or his infant charge, and which are so well described by Linnæus in his "Flora Lapponica." At times, however, the botanist, when benighted among the hills, is glad to avail himself of some such material whereon to rest his wearied limbs; and those who may propose to explore our Highland mountains in search of Flora's treasures, would do well to be initiated into the art of heather or moss bed-making, by those who have tried the experiment, or to consult the graphic description of a night's lodging in a shepherd's "shieling," given by Mr. Gardiner, of Dundee, in his "Forfarshire Flora," that they may know how to proceed if reduced to straits in the midst of such scenes. Had it not been proved that the name of *Hypnum*, signifying "sleep," was at first applied to a lichen or other cryptogamic plant, we could have imagined that the author of the name had bestowed it on the moss after a comfortable nap on a bank of *H. prelongum* or *splendens*, some autumn afternoon.

"He laid him down
Where purple heath, profusely strewn,
And throat-wort with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme, his cushion swell."

We have already spoken of the use of mosses in protecting the roots of plants from the extremes of cold and heat, and other atmospheric changes. Of this the horticulturist has availed himself in several important operations. Thus the success of the process of inarching—a species of grafting—is dependent mainly on the care taken to have a supply of moss judiciously applied at the junction of the scion and stock. Layering also, a mode of striking plants from cutting, is sometimes aided by the application of moss where the incision is made, from which the roots take their rise. In raising the finer and more delicate seeds, whether in pots or out-of-doors, a layer of moss on the surface of the soil, besides that for drainage below, is found of much service in preserving a suitable degree of moisture and warmth during the process of germination. Finally, the nurseryman is constantly indebted to the various

* Our linen-manufacturers might, we are persuaded, avail themselves of the elegant forms of many Mosses for designing patterns, as has already been done from specimens of the more showy Ferns and Alga.

species of *Hypnum* and *Sphagnum* for materials to pack his plants to send to a distance. Those who wish for further information on this head will find satisfactory details in various horticultural publications, and in the "Rural Cyclopædia," article "Moss."

There is no spot on the surface of our globe more highly favoured than the British Isles, in respect of this department of their Flora; and as some of them may be found at all seasons of the year, we may find also in them, in our botanical excursions, a fund of pleasant amusement and instruction wherever we

"Go abroad

Upon the paths of nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world.

"Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed and thine heart
Made pure; shalt relish with Divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought."

THE SMALL TRADES OF NAPLES.

SECOND PAPER.

THE famous market of Santa Lucia is set, like a many-coloured bit of enamel, in the midst of the silver horn of Naples. It draws itself out, along the very verge of the bay; just lifted above the break of the gentle swell, but catching every fresh breath of the sea, and every ripple, sob, and murmur of the waves. Here are displayed all those differing shades of character which go to make up the brilliant mosaic of Southern life, and here flutter every cut and colour of national costume. You had better resort thither very early in the morning, before man grows drowsy, and before Nature seems to swoon away, in faint and dreamy luxury, under the resistless spell of the mid-day sun.

"Bono!" we are in good time this morning; so early that the coffee-seller is making his first round; but not too early for that portly brother of the order of Sant' Antonio to be out in his white serge gown, ringing his obtrusive little bell to warn the votaries of the Romish Church that they had better not eat or drink, buy or sell, until the merchandise of the day be blessed, and the monkish fraternities receive their due. There is something ringing on our memory that sounds strangely opposite to this scene of the bell and the blessing; but let us quote the significant words with solemn reverence:—"And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads; and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name."

Poor Andrea looks chafed, though he strives to preserve a smooth and placid brow; for he knows well, by many a daily calculation, that the fee for St. Anthony's blessing sorely infringes upon the little earnings of the day, swallowing up the profits of many a cup of smoking coffee, and leading him into many crooked devices in order to elude the white brother with the blue and red cross on

his breast; while these palpable evasions make him feel very uncomfortable at the sight of a confessional. However, on this bright morning he encounters the stout brother in a point-blank way, which admits of no doubting; so he pulls off his broad straw hat, and stands reverently by, while St. Anthony's deputy mutters his Latin incantation over the little portable stove, with its boiling coffee and its tray of small cups.

Shortly after this sacerdotal mockery, he may be seen carrying his small establishment to the foot of the turreted gateway which spans the entrance to a mean-looking court. A little lattice opens high up in the old building. A pale and worn man appears, glances rapidly up and down the passage, and, seeing that the way is clear, lowers a little tray carefully balanced by strings,



THE BELL AND THE BLESSING.

bearing an empty cup and a small coin. Andrea silently takes the money, exchanges the empty cup for a full one, and, without a word, moves on. The pale man at the window carefully draws up the precious drink, closes his lattice, and, raking out his hot chestnuts from the wood ashes of a small chafing-dish, proceeds to enjoy his slight and lonely breakfast. We are much mistaken if that scared and haggard look belong not to a suspected, perhaps to a proscribed man; and we query whether St. Anthony's stout servitor would have pronounced his "benedicite" over the cup of coffee, if he had known what "pestilent fellow" it was about to refresh. Nay, we suspect that the Latin blessing would have run into another formula, had he caught a glimpse of the precious little volume which was presently afterwards drawn forth from



STALLS OF SHELL-FISH.

the sacking of his maize-leaf bed, and studied until the glistening eye of the poor tenant of that lonely chamber betrayed that he had "found hid treasure."

But now for the attractive stall of the seller of *frutti di mare*—"sea fruits." And what may they be? queries the English reader. They are shell-fish, my friend; and here you may make that great moral effort which is called into exercise at the moment of swallowing a huge, cold, raw oyster. Here you may attempt to digest that tough difficulty, a great Mediterranean mussel, or a leather-like cockle, under the illusion that you are all the while feasting in the cool, delicious "fruit" gardens of the sea. But Filippo, the marine market-gardener, is a man of taste. Witness how gracefully he adorns his stall. He must have cultivated the beautiful pleasure-grounds of the blue Mediterranean, as well as the "fruit beds;" for here he has a grove of branching coral trees, ruby-red and glistening, fresh from the deep sea fountains, spreading forth their mimic boughs and their little grappling roots. And here he has the more fragile shrubs of those same groves and gardens, delicate corallines, shaded from brilliant rose colour to pale pink. We have ourselves looked down through the clear waters, of a calm sunset evening, into almost fabulous depths, and seen some of the wonders that lie at the roots of the Mediterranean sea. There were the miniature groves and avenues, coral-red and living, with groups of lesser growth, in the many-

coloured garden beds; while shells, dyed like the rainbow, gemmed the rockeries, and strange beautiful existences moved here and there—the pleasure-seeking denizens of the deep. And this was near the castellated island of Nisida, the hard, relentless prison-house of poor Puerio.

As we turn away from Filippo's stall, with its various "*frutti di mare*," we observe an eccentric-looking old man moving along with a theatrical air through the busy groups of Santa Lucia. He is meanly clad—his poor clothes, like himself, looking as if they had known better times. In his hand he holds a roll of papers, which he waves with a lofty scenic effect, as though he were a senator in the great republic of letters. As he steps airily on, one after another separates himself from the masses, and follows, as if drawn into his train by some irresistible principle of fascination. Here a *facchino* (porter), forfeiting his chance of a job, eagerly joins his train; there a countryman, who has driven a wine-cart into Naples from Portici, deserts his dove-coloured oxen and follows in his wake; and now a large group of sailors, who had been vociferating over their game of "*mora*," clap their hands and fling up their caps at sight of the old Signor Enrico, and crowd tumultuously before him down to the Mola, the great pier of Naples. They are right; the old man is bending his steps thither as fast as his treacherous shoes will accompany him; and now he stands in the midst of a little square of wooden benches, places his hat on the lava pavement, and arranges therein

a bundle of papers, which form his whole stock in trade. The sailors precipitate themselves upon the benches; the peasant man feels doubtfully in his pocket, and hesitatingly takes his seat; the poor *facchini* nervously hover round the outer edge of the group, and betray the surreptitious design of eavesdropping. The old orator selects his subject; it is the oft-told but untiring story of Rinaldo, one of the doughty Paladins of Charlemagne. "Most dear friends! honourable gentlemen! noble-hearted fellow-countrymen! you shall hear, in the name of the Immaculate Virgin, how Rinaldo lived, how he loved, how he rescued, how he bled! *Bonissimo!* Ah, now we are ready." And away goes the old man into the wild regions of romance, over deep seas and broad continents, now fighting with dragons, now with false knights, now with the turbaned Moslem. His whole frame trembles; his voice, clear as a silver bell and mellow as a distant echo, now rings out loud and high with triumph, now bursts with fitful passion, now flows on softly, caressingly, and then dies away in the low moanings of unutterable distress. And what effect has all this upon the belt of inflammable materials which surrounds him? Those fiery-eyed men are like tow dipped in camphine, or like cases of gunpowder or bundles of lucifer matches. Their whole moral and physical nature is bituminous or sulphurous. Drop a spark upon it, and it will ignite; bestow a little skilful friction, and it will explode. Ha! those few ringing words about *fratrid, liberta, tirannia* are working wildly within them; teeth are ground, hands are clenched, and, half rising from their benches, they growl under their breath like caged tigers. The Signor Enrico looks around into the glaring eyes that hem him in, and knows he has said enough—said too much, it may be; for there are two evil-looking lazzaroni who are stealing furtively away along the Mola. What for?—what if it be to give a hint to the police, with whom they are leagued?

The speaker knows well enough that he must have no eruption from his little crater; and, changing his tone accordingly, he pours forth a gentle tide of liquid melody, made up of love, of beauty, of fair flowers, of blue skies and sunny seas. The antidote works well; it is chloroform stilling the fiery pain of those fever souls. Their eyes swim in a sea of soft languor, their heads bend, and their hands move responsive to the measured melody. And now that the old chanter sees that he has fairly charmed his serpents, and stroked his tigers, he breaks off, like a bird in mid-song, and handing round his battered hat, smiles as the small coins chink musically together.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

WALLENSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE great conflict between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties in Germany, known as the Thirty Years' War, was the longest war of which history contains any record, and, looking to its results, was the most important of modern times, not excepting even that of which the first Napo-

leon was the instigator and the head. It was that enduring contest which secured for Protestantism a firm and lasting political basis, while it taught the House of Austria to know its own place in the great German family of nations: more than that, it tended, above all other events, to consolidate the dominion, and to establish while it limited the authority and influence of the other European potentates. These advantages, not of the most palpable kind, and hardly recognised at the period, but which were to be reaped by succeeding generations of men, were purchased at a price which it is terrible to contemplate. They cost Germany the lives of millions of her people, thousands of millions of dollars, and such a sum of human misery, produced by human barbarity and atrocity, as the world had never till then witnessed, and which it is affecting to recall.

With the exception of Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, who appears to have fought solely in the interests of the Protestant faith, the chief actors in this miserable drama were nearly all men of unbridled and unprincipled ambition; and to none of them, perhaps, unless it were to Ferdinand II, the emperor of Austria, is this character more applicable than to the man whose name stands at the head of this sketch. But Wallenstein's is a character which it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge precisely, owing to the want of evidence upon the most important points. His history has been written, for the most part, by his enemies, and very much from testimony furnished by those who first partook largely of his bounty and then forsook or betrayed him. That they should accuse him of treachery was but the natural sequence of their own treason, which needed the foulest crimes on his part to justify their own conduct: but, in spite of this consideration, the weight of circumstantial evidence against him is so strong, when the known character of the man is taken into account, that his vindication from this particular charge appears to us almost hopeless. We shall have occasion to allude to this subject again; and in the meanwhile we leave the reader to form his own conclusions from the facts of Wallenstein's life, which, with all consistent brevity, we proceed to lay before him.

Albert Wincellaus Walstein, or Wallenstein, was born in Bohemia, on September 14, 1583, and was the son of Henri de Walstein, a Protestant. As a boy, he was educated by a minister of the Protestant religion, and in youth he displayed extraordinary talents, which were, however, combined with a spirit of obstinacy and insubordination which defeated all endeavours to repress it. This unmanageable quality in the youth induced his preceptors to beg the parents to withdraw him from their tuition—a request which was complied with; and the young lad was transferred to the household of Charles, Margrave of Burgau, son of the Archduke Ferdinand, where he served in the quality of a page. It was while in this service that he fell accidentally from a considerable height, and, when the bystanders supposed him to be killed by the fall, arose from the ground unhurt. The Jesuits, by whom he was surrounded, persuaded him that he owed his miraculous preservation to the direct interposition of the Virgin, and under this conviction he embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

On leaving, shortly after, the service of the Margrave, young Wallenstein went to Prague, and there he abandoned himself to all kinds of follies and extravagant vices and excesses, mingling with the worst characters in the city, and, at the same time, devoting the hours of the night to the hard and persevering study of mathematics and astrology—studies which he continued to pursue for the whole of his life. On his return to Bohemia, he paid court to a widow of the family of Wieszowa, a woman possessed of enormous property, and married her. The union, as might be expected, was the reverse of a happy one; the unfortunate lady died without issue before four years had expired, leaving him the possessor of her almost boundless wealth.

At this epoch, a war broke out between the archduke Ferdinand and the Venetians. Wallenstein, at his own expense, raised and equipped a troop of three hundred cavaliers, and offered them to that prince, who received him with particular favour. He distinguished himself greatly in the war which followed, and was raised to the rank of Colonel by Ferdinand, who had, by the election of the German princes, succeeded to the imperial throne. Wallenstein was now despatched upon an expedition to Moravia, where he was again successful, and where he unscrupulously enriched himself by abstracting a large sum from the public chest—twelve thousand crowns of which he kept for himself, making over the rest to the Emperor. With the plunder thus acquired, he raised a regiment of Walloons, a thousand strong, and offered them also to his sovereign, who accepted them with gratitude.

In the year 1618, the Bohemians raised the standard of revolt, an act which was virtually the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. Wallenstein was immediately commissioned by Ferdinand to appease the troubles in Bohemia. His military reputation and his great wealth made him of importance, and his Protestant countrymen tried every endeavour to win him back to his first faith and their righteous cause; but these efforts were without success. On the other hand, his own attempts to appease the rebellious spirit of the Bohemians were equally fruitless; and the Protestants, finding him deaf to their arguments, even confiscated the estates which he possessed in their territory. It is considered by some of his biographers that Wallenstein's conduct in this mission is open to suspicions of self-interest, and that he trifled with both parties, with an eye to procuring for himself the crown of Bohemia, which the hesitating and imbecile Frederic was too weak to defend.

On his return from this unavailing negotiation, Wallenstein, by a new present to the Emperor of two regiments of infantry, acquired fresh popularity and additional favour at court, and was despatched with a command into Bohemia, where he carried on the war for several years with his usual success—a war which was virtually terminated by the Battle of Prague, which deprived the pusillanimous Frederic of his crown and kingdom, and where Wallenstein fought as colonel under Maximilian of Bavaria.

In 1621 he was again despatched into Moravia, where by superior tactics he foiled the efforts of

Bethlem Gabor, and added considerably to his own reputation. The Emperor, in return for his services, advanced him to the post of Major-General, and conferred on him the confiscated estates of the rebels. Wallenstein was now almost fabulously rich; but at the same time his successes made him enemies among the German princes, and his unscrupulousness gave a colour to the grave charges they brought against him. He silenced these accusations, however, for a time, by the lavish distribution of his prodigious wealth, gained the friendship of the most considerable men in the court of Ferdinand, and married a daughter of the Count of Harrach, a favourite of the Emperor.

After the victory of Prague, Ferdinand might have made a peace, and put an end to the miseries of his country. He preferred rather to prosecute his own ambitious schemes. The success which attended him for a period, and for which he was mostly indebted to the arms of Bavaria, at length began to wane. The approach of the King of Denmark, and the ravages of Count Mansfeld, while they rendered him more than ever dependant on the League, threatened a disagreeable crisis, from which nothing could free him but a powerful army under his own orders; but war had already exhausted his dominions, and they were unequal to the expense of such a levy.

At this juncture—in June, 1625—Wallenstein proposed to the Emperor to raise and clothe an army at his own private expense, and even undertook the charge of maintaining it, if he were allowed to augment it to fifty thousand men. The project was everywhere ridiculed as the chimerical offspring of a madman; but the Emperor received it gladly, and assigned certain districts in Bohemia for recruiting and for depôts, and allowed Wallenstein to choose his own officers. The Emperor lent only his name; but the reputation of the general, the prospect of promotion, and the hope of plunder, drew to his standard adventurers from all quarters of Germany. In a few months Wallenstein had twenty thousand men under arms, with which, quitting the Austrian territories, he soon after appeared on the frontiers of Lower Saxony with thirty thousand. It was at this time that the Emperor created him Duke of Friedland.

The famous Tilly was at this moment posted in Lower Saxony, where he held in check at once the King of Denmark, the fiery Mansfeld, and Christian of Brunswick. Wallenstein was despatched to second the operations of the Bavarian army; but his unbought pride and haughtiness would not permit him to act under the orders even of Tilly, the greatest general of the empire; and he contented himself with operating in concert, but separately and alone. The manœuvres of these two generals had the effect of paralyzing the operations of the armies of the circle of Lower Saxony; and the result of this was some indefinite prospect of a peace, of which both parties were desirous, after a struggle which had endured for seven years. But the Protestant chiefs, presuming on some late triumphs and the reputation and resources of their northern allies, took the tone of conquerors; and the League, confident in the new levies, and successes yet more recent, did not choose to figure as the vanquished party. The war, there-

fore, continued with the customary vicissitudes of triumph and defeat on either side. Wallenstein defeated Mansfeld with great slaughter; but this latter general recovered from the disaster, recruited his shattered forces, and marched rapidly through Silesia into Hungary to join Bethlem Gabor. The Court of Vienna, alarmed, called Wallenstein to the succour of the hereditary kingdom. Wallenstein set out in pursuit of Mansfeld, defeated a body of Turks who were on their way to join the Hungarian general Gabor, raised the siege of Novigrad, and took Wats on the Danube; but his haste and impetuosity involved him in a critical, almost fatal position: his army, without provisions in a devastated country, was reduced to the straits of famine; the troops mutinied and revolted in masses, and were only prevented by want of a leader from assaulting the camp of their general and sacrificing him to their fury. From this dilemma he was only saved by the quarrels of his enemies, who could not act with unanimity. Bethlem Gabor, aware of the defeat of Christian IV by Tilly at the Battle of Lutter, and fearful of having to sustain the entire burden of the war, entered into a separate treaty with the Emperor, and enabled Wallenstein to effect his retreat, which he accomplished at length with the loss, by famine, desertion, and the sword, of sixteen thousand men. Mansfeld, abandoned by his ally, sought refuge in Italy, where he hoped to raise new troops, but death overtook him in the village of Bosnia. Wallenstein had the reputation of delivering the League from this brave adventurer, who for seven years had been the terror of the Papal party and the scourge of the Romish ecclesiastics.

The defeat of Christian of Denmark, above alluded to, and which took place on the 27th of August, 1626, at Lutter, had enabled Tilly to resume the offensive. He had beaten back the Danes to the vicinity of Bremen, and had passed the Elbe, when Wallenstein, having recruited his army, traversed Brandenburg, forced the Elector to recognise Maximilian as Elector of Bavaria, took possession of the territory between the Baltic, the Elbe, and the Weser, and penetrated as far as Holstein and Sleswick.

The success of the League appeared now to be decisive; but these advantages were in a great measure counterbalanced by the atrocities of the Roman Catholic armies. Nine years of slaughter, exactions, devastations, and pillage, and the horrible excesses of their troops, had spread terror and desolation through the north of Germany. Wallenstein surpassed all his predecessors in these cruel enormities. War, which ruins other armies, augmented his. The licence he allowed attracted the most remorseless and savage spirits to his ranks, which increased daily, without his efforts, in large numbers. His profuse and indiscriminate bounty surrounded him with a crowd of gentlemen, and even of sovereign princes; and on the whole his force amounted now to not less than a hundred thousand men. This enormous mass cost the Emperor nothing, either in pay or provender—a fact which sufficiently depicts the misfortunes of the unhappy country which they occupied.

The important services which Wallenstein had rendered now brought him fresh rewards. The

dukes of Mecklenberg having been put under the ban of the empire for not furnishing their contingent to the army, Wallenstein solicited and obtained the title of Duke of Mecklenberg and the investiture of the Duchy; and at the same time was conferred on him also the title of Generalissimo of the Fleet of the Ocean and the Baltic Sea. The effect of these honours soon became apparent: he assumed the designation of "Highness," adopted a more haughty carriage and a taciturn habit, and from this moment took his meals alone.

The princes of the north of Germany, divided among themselves, had to bend and bow beneath the iron yoke of this man. Wallenstein, ambitious of depriving them of all hope of recommencing the struggle, contemplated an invasion of the states of the King of Denmark, their principal support. The Emperor was flattered by the project; but at this era the conduct of Wallenstein gave rise to suspicions that he wished to create for himself a powerful independence, of which Mecklenberg should form the nucleus. Certain it is that he made no distinction between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the choice of his friends, and that there were but few of the latter holding command in his army. Again, his haughtiness led him to affront Tilly, who, as a soldier and tactician, was far more than his equal, and whom he endeavoured to disgrace by slights, while he arrogated the successes of that veteran to himself. Moreover, he systematically paid no regard to the orders of the Emperor, but replied to his missives by advising him to enjoy the pleasures of his court, and not to meddle in the affairs of the war.

Whether to establish his own independence, or to further the interests of the Emperor, is a disputed point; but at this period Wallenstein cast his eye on the neutral port of Stralsund, and resolved to get it in his possession. With this view he ordered the magistrates to receive an imperial garrison, and to permit the passage of his troops. The magistrates refused, and he laid siege to the town. Here, however, his pride and self-importance had to sustain a tremendous check. The Stralsunders resisted with vigour, and when pressed hard by Wallenstein, appealed to the Emperor, who issued orders to his general to retire from the place. The haughty general took no notice of the order. The besieged, in despair, had recourse to the King of Sweden, who sent succours by sea; and on the 22nd of July, 1628, Wallenstein was compelled to raise the siege, with the loss of two months' labour, ten thousand eight hundred foot, and twelve hundred horse—heavy losses, which were but feebly compensated by the taking of Rostock and some trifling advantages over the Danes.

The Swedes now began to be a source of inquietude to Ferdinand: the deliverance of Stralsund opened his eyes to their importance, and it had become a point of policy to separate, if possible, the interests of the two kings of the north. Denmark was reduced to the defensive. Wallenstein had private reasons for desiring to gain the goodwill of Christian IV. Everything combined to favour his negotiations. When the Swedish ambassadors presented themselves to take part in

the council, he dismissed them with insulting contempt; and, without their complicity, peace was signed between the Emperor and Christian IV, at Lubeck, in 1629. It was thought an advance towards the general peace, for which all had long been sighing, and not without reason: for Wallenstein, besides the cruel atrocities he had allowed, had levied no less than sixty millions of dollars in the devastated states. The distress of the miserable inhabitants was now at its height; corpses were found of men and women famished to death, with the raw grass of the fields in their mouths; many disinterred the dead to appease their hunger on the putrid bodies; children devoured their parents, and mothers were seen killing their babes and cooking them for food.

The Emperor, however, cared less to put an end to these awful calamities than to profit by the success of his arms. To this end, he published, on the 6th of March, 1629, the famous and fatal Edict of Restitution, in virtue of which the property of the Roman Catholics, confiscated more than eighty years before, was to be restored. One may conceive the alarm which this excited among the Protestants, most of whom had purchased the confiscations they held, and long enjoyed quiet possession. At the same time, it did not satisfy the Roman Catholics, who only regarded it as an instalment of the benefits they were to derive from the success of the League.

Meanwhile, the successes and honours of Wallenstein, his indomitable pride, his offensive haughtiness and contempt of all authority, together with his indifference to the sufferings of the people, had not only aroused the odium of the populace, who regarded him as the author of all their miseries, but had stirred up the wrath of the German princes, who saw themselves contemned by their inferior in birth, and postponed in the favour of the Emperor to a man who scorned to receive them as his equals. They naturally, therefore, sought his overthrow, and they sought it with the more eagerness as, by bringing about his disgrace, they hoped to abate the ascendancy which his exploits had obtained for the house of Austria, and which ascendancy was the source of profound inquietude. They unanimously demanded his dismissal from the army: he, nothing daunted, went to brave the whole of the electors assembled at Ratisbon, and appeared there in a style of such magnificence and pomp as eclipsed that of the Emperor himself. Ferdinand, though not at all indisposed to humble the man to whom his will was anything but a law, was perplexed beyond measure, and knew not how to act. How could he depose from command a man to whom he was under such immense obligations? how, on the other hand, was he to resist the reiterated complaints of all Germany, and the entreaties of all the princes of the League? He thought to appease the universal discontent by directing that men, to the number of eighteen thousand, should be disbanded from the imperial army; but this act only increased the demand for the dismissal of Wallenstein himself, which now redoubled from all quarters. The Spanish allies, whom Wallenstein's haughtiness had thoroughly disgusted, pressed for his dismissal as eagerly as did the German princes. The French envoys, by direc-

tion of Richelieu, who was at that moment engaged in a treaty with the King of Sweden, joined in the cry from motives of policy. Ferdinand hesitated for some time, but had not strength to resist so unanimous an appeal. The dismissal of Wallenstein was pronounced in July, 1630. He was then at Memmingen, in Suabia, and it had required the united efforts of nearly all Europe to overthrow him.

Wallenstein, at the head of an army of more than a hundred thousand men, received the news of his disgrace with apparent calmness and resignation, merely observing that the Emperor was betrayed, and that he was sorry at finding himself abandoned so easily. He retired at once, and quietly, to his estates in Moravia and Bohemia; a round number of his officers followed him; multitudes of the troops unceremoniously quitted the service, and in a few weeks the army of over a hundred thousand men was by his retreat reduced to forty thousand.

THE HOLE IN THE CARPET.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

"I THINK this is the result of a burn," said Mrs. Wilson, pointing to an injury lately discovered in a new carpet. "It appears to me as if some careless servant had let fall a red-hot poker upon it."

"Oh dear, no; it is not a bit like a burn; it is a cut, most assuredly," said Mr. Wilson, stooping to re-examine it.

"A cut!" repeated the lady, with some energy and surprise.

"A cut, my dear!" reiterated the husband; "it has been done with a knife, and, most likely, while splitting wood, or perhaps cutting sand-paper for polishing the bars of the grate."

Mrs. W.—"Why, my dear, the edges of the hole do not meet, as they would do if it were a cut; there is a space where the piece has been burned out. Look again, and you will see what I mean."

Mr. W.—"So far from it, the edges have been ravelled out by the action of the broom in sweeping, and they positively wrap over. If you will give yourself the trouble to look carefully, you will find what I say is true."

Mrs. W.—"As to *trouble*, Mr. Wilson, I am not generally very sparing of my trouble; and as to *carefulness*, I only wish everybody in this house was equally careful. But you are always saying these unkind things. Umph! a cut indeed! why, I can almost smell the singeing now."

Mr. W.—"That is quite impossible."

Mrs. W.—"I suppose you will charge me with falsehood next. Do you mean to say that I tell you an untruth?"

Mr. W.—"I mean to say that it is a cut, and nothing but a cut. It is utterly impossible that that kind of hole should result from a burn. Ah! you may look as angry as you please. I say again it is a cut."

Mrs. W.—"Angry! did you say angry, Mr. Wilson? I really wish we could see ourselves. You are extremely ready to charge me with being angry. Now the truth is, I do not care *that*" (furiously dashing a plate of nutshells, which she had been cracking, behind the fire) "whether it is

a cut or a burn; but I *do* care to be spoken to in this shameful manner. Angry, indeed! it was not always so—you never used to bring such charges against me."

Mr. W.—"Well, you are not angry now, I suppose? Why, your very eyes flash fire, and your face is red with rage."

Mrs. W.—"Not quite so red as yours, sir, nor from the same cause. I think you have no stones to throw about red faces. A man that can drink a bottle of port at a sitting—at least with very little help—may well have a red face and a hot temper too, for that matter, as I pretty well know to my cost."

Mr. W.—"You know to your cost! What do you mean, madam?"

Mrs. W.—"Oh! nothing, sir—nothing at all; I mean nothing, and I care for nothing."

Mr. W.—"Then be silent."

Mrs. W.—"I shall not; I shall say just what I please, and talk as long as I please."

Mr. W.—"Then quit my presence, madam, and talk to yourself, for I will not put up with your insolence; and I wonder how you dare act as you do."

Mrs. W.—Dare! Mr. Wilson; did you say dare? I say, then, in answer, that I wonder, when you take certain circumstances into consideration, I do really, I say, wonder at *you*. Recollect, sir, my position; you forget yourself."

Mr. W.—"I do not know what you mean."

Mrs. W.—"Ay, ay, it is all very well to pretend you do not know what I mean. Whose money was it that enabled you, when you were—?"

Mr. W. (*interrupting*).—"And who was it that raised you from a tradesman's back parlour to the rank of a lady? I am a gentleman, madam—was born such, you will please to remember. Position, indeed! as if money gave position."

Mrs. W.—"A gentleman born! ha, ha! And pray who would be clearighted enough to select the gentleman born from the beggar, if money were out of the question? A fine sort of figure your gentlemanly birth would have made without *wealth*, sir—*my* wealth—my wealth, bestowed upon you."

Mr. W.—"Silence, madam" (*much excited*); "hold your venomous, rattling tongue. You are a disgrace to your sex and to the name of wife."

Mrs. W.—"Thank you, Mr. Elisha Wilson, I thank you; and am glad you have at last given me to understand exactly the esteem in which you hold me. This is your gratitude to my father for the thousands he threw away upon a poor gentleman, and this comes of all your fine promises. I tell you what, sir, I will not put up with it. I will have a separation, if it takes every farthing of my fortune; I will have a separation, I say."

Mr. W.—"Do so; do, do, I advise you; better set about it now directly."

Mrs. W.—"You think I dare not; but I will show you that I have a spirit. I will go where you shall never discover my abode, and then perhaps you may wish that you had behaved differently, or perhaps you will be ten thousand times happier without me."

Mr. W.—"You choose to say so, you know, not I."

Mrs. W.—"Yes, and I repeat it—I dare

affirm that you would rejoice to be rid of me; and if once I did separate from you, I would never return to you again; I would die alone (*sobbing hysterically*), and never plague you with my hateful presence—no, not if you were to go on your knees and beg of me to do so; I would spurn you" (*suiting her action to the words*).

Mr. W.—"You would have no occasion to apprehend my going on my knees, I assure you; I should view your conduct then, as I view it now, with calm contempt."

Mrs. W.—"A very calm state, indeed, you are in just now."

The father of Mrs. Wilson, a wise and venerable man, had recently entered the garden near the open window of the room where this dispute took place; and having caught some of the speeches of both wife and husband, the reasonable conclusion he instantly formed was that some dire catastrophe had happened—that one or other had committed some disgraceful fault, or, at least, had given some serious ground of suspicion. The worthy man's courage began to give way, when he considered how thankless an office it generally is to interfere between man and wife; but they were his children, and he ventured in, pale with apprehension.

Mrs. Wilson was sitting at the extreme end of the room, her chair pushed close against the wall, where it had arrived by successive jerks backward, at every fresh ebullition of passion, while Mr. Wilson was cutting his nails to the quick, seated at the utmost opposite side of the apartment, each casting at the other an occasional glance of vengeance or contempt.

"My dear daughter," the old gentleman began, with an air of deep concern, "what has happened?"

"Ask *him*," said Mrs. W., pointing to her husband, with spiteful looks.

The old gentleman turned to Mr. W.

"Your daughter threatens to leave me, sir," was the reply.

"But what for?" demanded the father; "where lies the offence?"

Each now began simultaneously to repeat the aggravating expressions which had been used on both sides. "He said so and so." "She said so and so."

"Stay, my children, stay," said the father; "set aside all that has been elicited in anger during your quarrel—I do not want to hear that—and allow me to ask you again, what is the offence, and which of you is the aggressor?"

Both were silent.

"This is strange," said the father; "surely you can tell me how this disgraceful scene commenced. There must have been some great fault committed."

Silence still prevailed. The simple process of common sense, which the old gentleman had set to work, carried the infatuated couple back to the frivolous origin of their quarrel. Nothing could appear more ridiculously absurd than the reply which was at last elicited; "We quarrelled about a hole in the carpet."

"A what?" said the old gentleman, lifting his hands, shrugging his shoulders, as with staring eyes he looked aghast, and turned on his heels.

"What a pair of simpletons," said he; "I am ashamed of ye both; go to school again and learn to put off childish things. Truly, as said the wisest of men, 'The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with.'"

We are glad to add, that Mr. and Mrs. W. did take the old gentleman's advice, and heartily ashamed were they when they came to calm reflection, that they had allowed so small a matter to kindle so large a fire. As, unhappily, their case is not a singular one in the world, will our readers permit us to conclude with a few words from an American writer, who displays great taste and judgment in his writings on domestic questions?

"There is one other topic," he writes, "which must be briefly adverted to before we close—*mutual forbearance*. This is strongly inculcated in all that the Bible says on the subject of the family compact; and its importance is so great, that one is in no danger of exaggerating it. The necessity for it would be materially diminished, if there were fewer ill-assorted unions. The Koran says (ch. 24): 'The wicked women should be joined to the wicked men, and the wicked men to the wicked women; but the good women should be married to the good men, and the good men to the good women.' And a much better authority has said, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together.' But these rules always have been violated more or less, and doubtless will be until the world is radically reformed. Not every Abigail will have her Nabal, nor every Socrates his Xantippe; but some will. And whenever it occurs, forbearance must have its perfect work, or there will be a state of perpetual war. This, however, is less than half the truth. Forbearance is needful in every family. A book has been written to illustrate the maxim, 'Temper is everything.' Of the book I cannot speak; but certain it is that, in conjugal life, temper is *almost* everything. While marriage is a blessed institution, it is a crucible to character. The great transactions of life are much less trying to the temper than the secluded, intimate, constant fellowship of the family. If there is any badness in a man's (or woman's) disposition, this will bring it out. It has long been proverbial that, to understand a person's character, you must live with him; and the reason is, partly because home is the only place where we are quite free from restraint, and act out our real feelings, and partly because we encounter more petty annoyances and perplexities there than elsewhere. It should not be so; but the illusion with which parties set out in wedded life is too commonly dispelled, and that at an early day. Abraham and Sarah entertained three strangers, and were amazed, when their visit was concluded, to find that their guests were angels. The reverse of this has sometimes happened in conjugal life. The parties have been certain at their nuptials that they were marrying each an angel; and have subsequently learned, with equal certainty, that they were mistaken—that instead of an angel, each had been joined to a piece of fallible humanity, not deficient, possibly, in some seraphic qualities, but possessing others to which seraphs can lay no claim. What are they to do? By all means let them do as the Bible bids them do.

'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' Let them bear and forbear. Let them treat each other's failings with lenity, and avoid all provocations to anger. Let them learn to be, as occasion serves, blind, and deaf, and dumb—especially dumb. Not sullenly dumb, but serenely dumb. Not silent from moodishness and passion, but silent from reason and affection, looking out the while, like a mariner in a dark night, for the first streak of the dawn, and hailing it with a grateful welcome. Let them beware how they manage the trivial matters of life; for human happiness depends much on trifles, and it is 'the little foxes that spoil the vines.'

"I feel reluctant to leave a theme which is so interwoven with all our interests and duties, and in respect to which there is, it is to be feared, so much room for counsel. Nothing could be better adapted to promote human happiness than the domestic constitution, as it is delineated and enjoined in the Scriptures. Why then are there not more happy families? Simply because families will not conform to their model, will not take the Bible as their guide, and faithfully obey its requirements. Wherever there is conjugal unhappiness, it may be laid down as an axiom that one party or the other has gone counter to the Bible. And the only enchantment that will avail to exorcise the evil demons out of the house, is that of the Bible. It is quite possible that we might all increase somewhat the sweetness and the joyfulness of our homes, by enthroning the word of God more firmly in them. 'The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous;' and the '**BIBLE IN THE FAMILY**' is the only true recipe for domestic happiness."*

A THOUGHT FOR THE CARELESS.

At the close of all, would you wish to say, "I have trod life's flowery way, and the journey is over, and I am not saved. I have visited the house of God, and been entreated to attend to my soul; but I am now to go there no more, and I am not saved. I have climbed the steep of ambition, and I have sought for honour, and all that struggling is over, and I am not saved. I have mingled in the gay circles of life, and all that is ended, and I am not saved. I have ranged the fields of pleasure, and trod along the flowery streams of life, and my rambles are ended, and I am not saved. I have resolved, and re-resolved to be a Christian, and all is now over, and I am not saved. Closed is the summer of life; ceased is the voice of friendly admonition; gone are my opportunities of salvation; youth, strength, conviction for sin, the Sabbath, the privileges of the sanctuary, all are passed away, and I am not saved."

O, on how many beds of death is this language heard! O how many an unpardoned spirit goes up to God, saying, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved?" What are the sighings of despair but the lamentation, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved?" Sinner, the "summer" is passing away; youth is hastening to manhood; and manhood is hastening to the grave. Sabbaths are hastening away, and privileges are hastening away, and soon, O, how soon, may your lips on a dying bed take up the lamentation, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."—*Barnes*.

* From Dr. Boardman's admirable "Bible in the Family."

Varieties.

THE CHARTER OAK.—The old "Charter Oak" of Connecticut, which stood near the city of Hartford, was blown down on the 21st by a gale of wind, to the great regret of the inhabitants. In 1636 James II dissolved the government of the colony, and demanded the surrender of the original charter granted by Charles II in 1682—a very liberal one, so much so that it would never have passed through the department of a much more recent age. When required to surrender it, the governor and council refused, even resisting the terrors of three several writs of *quo warranto*. Whitehall was a long way off in those days. On the 31st October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross and a guard of sixty soldiers entered Hartford to seize the charter by force, if necessary. The sitting of the Assembly was judiciously protracted till evening, when the governor and council appeared about to yield the precious document: it was brought in and laid on the table. Suddenly the lights were put out, and all was darkness and silence; when the candles were again lighted the charter had vanished. The council had not refused to give it up, but it was gone. The governor was deposed, nevertheless, and the royal orders carried out; the charter had in the meantime been concealed in a gigantic oak. On James's abdication the instrument was reproduced, the old governor re-elected under it, and it remained the organic law of the colony till 1818. From this incident sprang the veneration of the people for the "Charter Oak." It is supposed to have been a very old tree when America was discovered. The day after the tree was blown down the city band played solemn music over its trunk for two hours, and the city bells tolled at sunset in token of the public sorrow.

ANCIENT REMAINS IN CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman writes from Santa Clara, California, to the editor of the "Scientific American," and gives the following account of some old ruins recently discovered in that vicinity:—"I recently had the opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered about six miles east of Santa Cruz. They were nearly buried up in a sand-hill. I found twenty-three chimneys with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose red sand. The stones of which they are built are cut circular, and cemented together. I stamped on the hill, and it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was intended to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners. Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine-tree was growing on the top of the hill. The period required for the sand to cover up these houses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years."

INDIAN FOOD.—Among the successive banks of the beach, formed by the action of the waves, our attention, as we approached the island, had been attracted by one ten to twenty feet in breadth, of a dark brown colour. Being more closely examined, this was found to be composed, to the depth of seven or eight and twelve inches, entirely of the larvæ of insects, or, in common language, of the skins of worms, about the size of a grain of oats, which had been washed up by the waters of the lake. Alluding to this subject some months afterwards, when travelling through a more southern portion of this region, in company with Mr. Joseph Walker, an old hunter, I was informed by him, that wandering with a party of men in a mountain country east of the great California range, he surprised a party of several Indian families encamped near a small salt lake, who abandoned their lodges at his approach, leaving everything behind them. Being in a starving condition, they were delighted to find in the abandoned lodges a number of skin-bags, containing a quantity of what appeared to be fish, dried and pounded. On this they made a hearty supper, and were gathering around an abundant breakfast the next morning, when Mr. Walker discovered that it was with these, or a similar

worm, that the bags had been filled. The stomachs of the stout trappers were not proof against their prejudices, and the repulsive food was suddenly rejected. Mr. Walker had further opportunities of seeing these worms used as an article of food; and I am inclined to think they are the same as those we saw, and appear to be a product of the salt lakes.—*Narrative of Colonel Fremont's Expedition.*

ILLEGIBLE MANUSCRIPT.—What guessers printers must be! A New York editor, in descanting upon the guess-at-half-of-it style of writing, in which many articles are sent to be printed, gives the following amusing specimen. A piece of poetry before him, written in what, at a reasonable distance, seemed to present the following:—

"Alone toss'd rolls a tear by Moses,
A many things we mourn by day;
Tom and the shouting Indian chorus,
And seethe their limbs at play."

Knowing, however, that his correspondent was not a simpleton, he more carefully examined it; and he guesses that the following version is nearer the author's intention:

"I love to stroll at early morn
Among the new mown hay;
To mark the sprouting Indian corn,
And see the lambs at play."

STICK TO SOME PURSUIT.—There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice who has got rich and who has not, out of those he started in life with, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit. Two lawyers, for example, begin to practise at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession, lays in slowly a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages. Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least in the same line of trade, at first on small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes for a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches.—*American paper.*

TESTS OF PURE WATER.—The following practical rules for testing the wholeness of water will be useful:—"1. The water must be perfectly colourless and transparent, leaving no deposit when allowed to stand undisturbed. 2. It must be quite devoid of smell. 3. When litmus paper is immersed into the water, the colour of the paper must remain unaltered. 4. The water when boiled must not become turbid. 5. About half a table-spoonful of the fluid being evaporated to dryness on the spirit-lamp, there must be a slight residue left at the bottom of the spoon, not turning black from organic matters. 6. The residue obtained by evaporating to dryness a sample of the water in a porcelain cup upon the tea-urn must not become black on the addition of a solution of sulphuretted hydrogen."—*Dr. Marcet, in the "Medical Times and Gazette."*

THE PAVEMENT OF LONDON.—The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers nearly 3000 acres, two-thirds whereof consists of what may be called mosaic work, done in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity, as it excels in quality, the Appian way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient consular way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled in with blocks of all shapes and sizes, jointed together, and planed only on the surface—the length of its devious course, from south to north of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length!—*Building News.*